

All Is Not Fair in Love! Deceit May Bring It's Opposite

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

"I SHOULD worry about telling him," remarked Marcy wistfully. "He thinks I'm all right now; let him find out my faults after we are married." "You ought to be frank and decisive him," said Edie. "How can you, if you really love him?" "Well, I don't feel called upon to speak up for myself. My enemies can do that for me; they want to say it is all right when it comes to mere accommodations," she said. "Naturally, you are going to say to every one, as soon as we see him or her, 'I may look like, but I have a fiendish disposition, or am cross to my mother,' but when it comes to one's future husband, she ought to play fair."

"Not at all. I'd be a fool to tell Edie that I have nothing, and she not especially fond of children, when he is so domineering."

"WHY, my dear girl!" cried her older cousin, "you are positively criminal not to say just that! If I did he probably wouldn't marry me."

"Precisely. And you should give him the chance to decide, after knowing the real you." Do you want a man to wed you because you feel him? Has he any real merit? Should he be some mere thoughtless pleasure?" You would not deserve any one in the quality of some gift, or something you were selling."

"Well, I guess I have as many good qualities as most girls, and if he fell

The Reckless Age

By HAZEL DEAN BACHELOR

Aline Postee is a spirited member of the younger set who thinks men were made for her amusement. She enjoys herself in Charley Town without caring him, and when he protests at her flirtation with Mason Long, a well-known athlete, thinking her all male had better be off to Charley keeps the argument. Aline is at first stunned, but when she discovers that she has actually fallen in love with Mason Long, she turns her attention to him. Then she hears that Long has been using her as a cover for a novel he is writing on the side. This is too much for Aline, and then she decides to confront Mason with what she has heard. She goes to his apartment, and he not only admits the truth but tells Aline just what he thinks of her type of women.

Lore or Hate

ON THE train going home, Aline gazed drearily out into the gathering dusk. The flat uninteresting country of Long Island went slowly by. Here and there a light gleamed out from a solitary house, and then the train would slow down for a station and start up again with a jerk.

At the Pennsylvania Station Aline had faced a moment of wild temptation. She had been hurrying through the concourse on her way to the Long Island trains when the impulse had occurred to her to run away. There were plenty of trains. She might buy a ticket for Detroit, or Cleveland, anywhere at all. It didn't matter. But when she had opened her purse, and discovered that she had less than \$10 with her, her lips curled into a bitter smile, and she slumped her shoulders resignedly.

And now she was on the train going home, going back to take up her life just as it nothing had happened. It was incredible, after what she had gone through this afternoon, and it seemed somehow amazing that she could sit still in her seat when her heart was still fire with her thoughts.

She could have borne it more easily if she had had some definite plan of action. If she had been determined to go, she had shown any feeling whatever; she might have been able to retain some vestige of her pride, but as it was, she felt mortally sick, and every word that he had said to her rankled in her very flesh.

In the past she had gloried in shocking the older generation. She had never cared what people said as long as they were horrified at the doings of the young. She had not been shocked, but she had been a little frightened, by the repulsion by this man who, in spite of all the world had the power to stir her very flesh with such thoughts.

She tried to comfort herself with the thought that she had come through the ordeal triumphantly. Not by the force of any exhort or she hurried the fact that the tears running down her face had dried, but she had whined, she had been a good sport, and yet, what did it matter? She had merely left him with the idea that she was too much the egotist to care what he said—that was all!

It was with a feeling of sick distress that she faced the prospect of the days to come. The time had gone for dancing and flinging and slimming the surface of life. How could she do? No matter what happened she must hide her sufferings from the world, not a soul must suspect the truth, and yet the dreary round of things that now seemed nothing to her, the emptiness of the life she had once thought so perfect seemed more than she could bear.

And then suddenly, as though she hadn't already suffered humiliation enough, came the thought that she loved this man. Only this afternoon she had trembled at his name, the thought of his arms around her had brought the hot blood to her cheeks. Even now, even after what he had said, and the way he had said it, she had only to remember his voice, and the look of his eyes under slightly narrowed lids, to feel her heart leap in her breast. Oh, he was unspeakable, she was weak, she despised herself for feeling this way, and it simply couldn't go on. From this day she would begin to turn her back on her heart; she would hate him with every drop of blood there was in her!

In the intensity of her emotion she found herself sitting rigid in the seat, her gloved fingers clasped. She lifted her hand and looked at it curiously. Across the palm the soft, thin, split skin of Alene's hands. Perhaps some day the tables would be turned, and she would have the power to hurt Mason Long as he had hurt her. It was something to live for, and if that time ever came she would have no scruples about taking her revenge.

Tomorrow—The Craze for Jazz

in clothes at Auctions?

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper, giving name and address. The name will not be published, but the writer does not wish to remain anonymous. Letters sent to both sides of the paper will not be answered, but answers that can be given in the column will appear here. Please hold these answers in confidence, and do not write them when done.

Oh! What Does It Mean?

Dear Cynthia—I recently dropped my leather handbag and broke a beautiful mirror measuring about six by four inches. What do you think of it? Are you sympathetic? Will you please tell me what it means? I say it means good luck and some say bad luck. **MISS HARD LUCK.**

It means you break your mirror, and if you use one you'll have to buy another.

Two Different Meanings

Dear Cynthia—Now do you think which is the right? I have a necklace which I still wear, since I bought it. I thought I would write since I am a steady reader of your most interesting daily column. My girl friend persists in saying that the meaning of the word "luck" is different in meaning and need undeniably disagree with her on that question.

Mrs. M. S.

Value friend is eight; there are two meanings, but stickiness is hardly one word, like a condition.

She Breaks Friendship?

Dear Cynthia—I have been reading your column most every evening and thought you could help me. I am in great trouble in this town, in love with a man living in this town, and have been keeping my correspondence with him for nearly two months, and he has told me on many occasions and also I was the only one he has told that he has been keeping correspondence with me. I have just recently found out that he has been keeping correspondence with other girls here at school, and the last time he has also had several dates with her. I have been with him in the meantime, but he has said nothing contrary to what he wrote me first. He is to be with us the same night. Would you advise me to keep up my company or shall I cut it off at the end?

BROWN EYES.

It is rather a mistake to correspond with a man unless you know him very well. You would be wiser to let him know.

She Has a Good Philosophy

Dear Cynthia—Although I have been a reader and admirer of your column for many years, I have never before courageously approached you as a contributor to it, but I do beg that you will grant me permission to say "Hello" to you.

What is it that the boys and girls of today find so much pleasure in spending each other? It seems to me that greater numbers of boys seem to be interested in girls. There are more girls than boys.

There is good and bad in everybody, as well as everything and everybody. The joy of real boys and girls today who are making this good world go around.

I'm just a perfectly plain ordinary girl, with no particular musical or artistic gifts, but I have an ability to say things that others can't express.

Whether it is to help others or to play

Making It Known

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madame—Would you please publish a few ways for announcing an engagement at a party held in the evening?

It is necessary to send invitations if you are giving a party, as it isn't a birthday party, just a gathering of friends for a good time.

Please suggest some games to play.

M. G.

An attractive way of announcing the important news would be to do no more than refreshments are being served by having an aperitif glass placed two seconds after the first course, but of course, this is not the best idea.

Another idea is to send invitations to your friends over the telephone, and ask them to come and bring their friends.

A simple way of announcing it would be to wear your ring, because it is the easiest thing that could be done.

Love is the greatest thing that could be done, but it is not the best idea.

Another idea is to give a gift.

Neither boys nor girls, men nor women, or persons of either sex, like to receive a gift.

If we are giving a party, we should

ask our friends to bring a gift.

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